THE INDIAN CHIEF.

By MRS. SHERWOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE LITTLE GIRL'S KEEPSAKE," ETC.

LONDON:

DARTON & CO., HOLBORN HILL.

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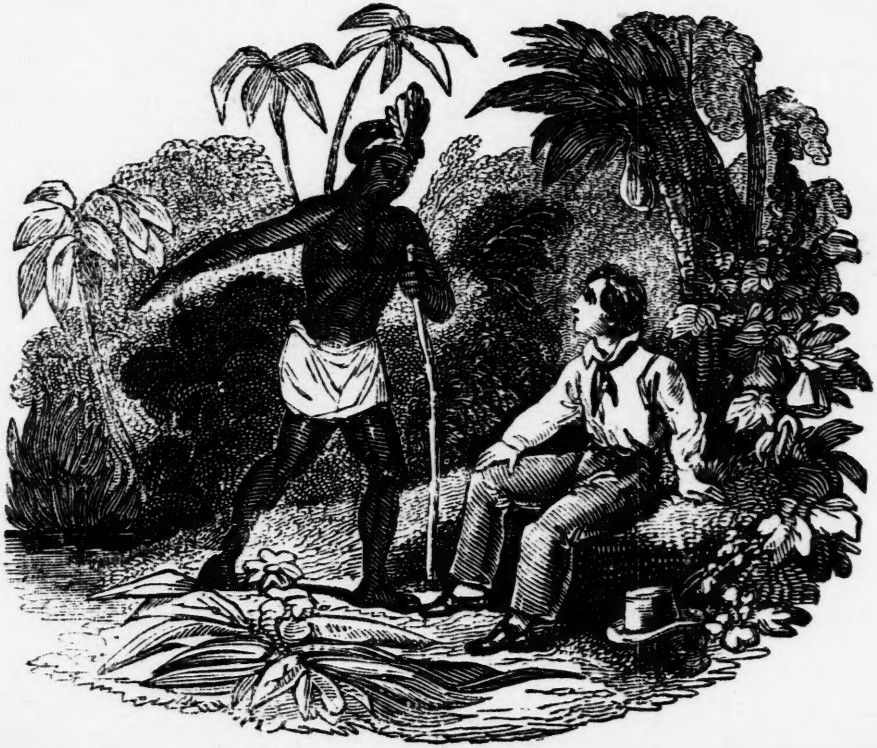

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You must have often heard of America, a country far beyond the sea. I am now going to tell you a circumstance which happened there many years ago.

A lady and gentleman, with their little boy, a child of about three years old, left England to go and live in Canada, in America. Their little boy was ealled George, and he was a very good child, and you may be sure they were very fond of him.

In Canada, they had got an Indian girl to be nurse to little George, to walk with him, and carry him about, and amuse him; and whenever his father and mother went out, little George and his nurse generally went with them.

One morning the lady and gentleman went to see a fine fall of water, called the Falls of Montmorency, near Quebec, and, as usual, little George and his nurse went with them.

Whilst Mr. and Mrs. Irwin, the father and mother of George, were looking at the Falls, the child amused himself by running about and seeing what he could find to entertain him. His young nurse followed him, playing with him and amusing him.

"Look, George!" cried the Indian

girl; "look, here is a squirrel, come and look at it.'

George was always fond of seeing squirrels, and watching their lively ways, and he ran towards the pretty little squirrel! which made it run away from him as fast as it could. George followed, and so did the Indian girl, and in a few minutes they were almost beyond the reach of Mrs, and Mr. Irwin's voice.

Whilst George was still following the squirrel, an Indian chief started up as it were from out of the ground, and stopping the girl, he called her by her name.

"Cora!" he said, though in a language unknown to little George, "why have you left your people? Why do you live with the white men? Your father and mother grieve for your loss. Come back to us—come back! Part of our tribe are a few steps from here; your parents are there; they mourn for you. Come to them but for one instant?"

Cora seemed to hesitate a moment, but the next she pointed to the child, and said, "What can I do with the boy?"

"We will not hurt the little one," replied the chief; "but your mother is ill; she will die."

Little George had drawn close to Cora; he had hold of her hand, but he was not frightened, for he had seen Indian men before; and then Cora herself did not look frightened.

"I will go to my mother," said Cora, still speaking her own language; "I will go but for a moment; I must return."

And with this thought; Cora lifted little George in her arms, and followed the Indian. It was all done so quickly, that before Mrs. Irwin had missed her little boy, he was already far out of her sight.

The chief took Cora and little George to his tribe, and, as you may have expected, when the Indian girl found her sick mother, she stayed with her so long that she was afraid to go back.

And only think how wretched Mr. and Mrs. Irwin were when they lost their little one, and how they searched everywhere for George and Cora, till at last they were obliged to think the nurse and child had fallen into the great river St. Lawrence, and had been drowned.

In the meanwhile the Indian tribe hastened into the Alleghany mountains, which were close by, and no one ever knew that they had been so near Quebec.

And now, fancy to yourself little George in an Indian wigwam, for such is the name of their hut, living with the Indians, dressing like them, and being taught as they were. Cora was kind to him, but yet she sometimes thought it a trouble to attend to him, and what would

have become of him I cannot say, if the Indian chief, whose name was Dazee, had not taken to him.

He dressed little George like a young

Indian chief. He killed beavers and eagles, the one for the skin, the other for the feathers, to deck the white boy. He called him his son, and made his tribe pay the little one the respect due to a son of his own. He took him from

Cora to his own wigwam, and at night he lay in his arms, and by day he was ever at his side. Little George had cried at first very bitterly for his parents, but he was so young that he soon gave all his love to Dazee.

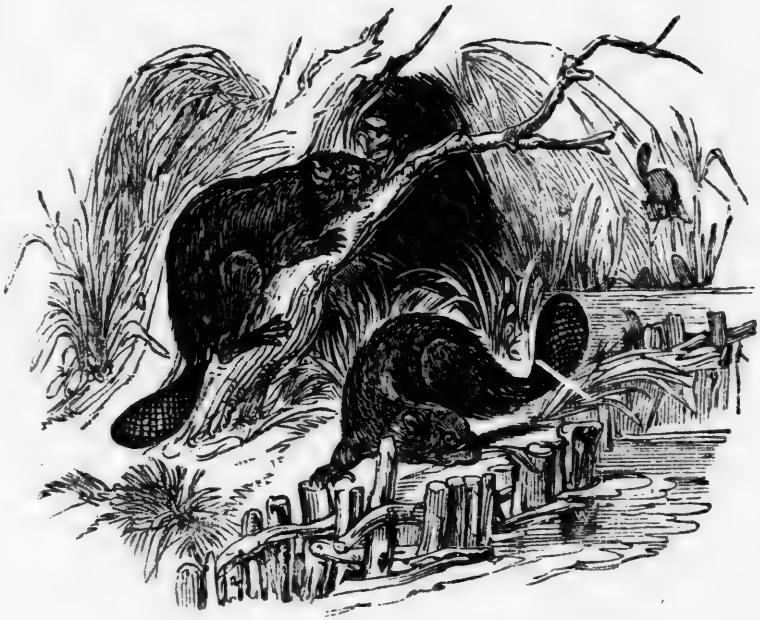
One sunny day, when George had learnt to make himself understood, he was sitting on the knee of Dazee, when a bird rose from the ground, and flew over their heads.

"Look! look!" cried little George; "look he is going to Jesus Christ!"

The Indian turned towards the child, whose eyes were fixed on the sky.

"To Jesus Christ!" he repeated, "and who is he?"

It seemed the question brought back to his young mind the pious teaching of



his mother, and he tried hard to make himself understood.

He threw his arms around Dazee, saying, "Mother, mother told Georgy so. Mother said Jesus Christ loves us, and will take us there — there!" pointing to the sky. "George go there to Jesus Christ. Oh, pray, dear father! pray to him, that little George and you may go to him together."

The Indian chief had heard of Jesus Christ before from a white man in the woods, but he had closed his ears against him; but now the pleadings of the little one softened his heart, and he determined to go again to the white man, to learn more from him.

I cannot tell you all that that good white man said to the Indian, but the

end was, that Dazee took little George in his arms, and carried him back to his sorrowing parents, and never again left the son of his adoption.

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